

bird The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiſt be damned for that wicked deed.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place elſe, if ye will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope ſo.

Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accuſt effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vnderake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweet boſome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from my cheekes.

Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His.

of Richard the third.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

(breast?)

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?

Girl. Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, not your fathers death:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Glouceſter
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deu'd impeachment to imprifon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearly as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noiſe is this?

E

Enter